

Back from Suburbia to a City Flat's Dear Discomforts Goes Polly

Country Life She Decides That Its Joys Have Been Overrated.

suburbanites, wherefore, to be honest and man. precise, "near-nature" would be closer to I will pass over her remarks concerning

Continued from first page.

fieldian expression of pleasure.

the disposal of Abdul Baha.

through the Ansonia corridors?

Baha met my assent with a most Chester-

Mr. Mills, president of the Bahaite So-

clety in New York, had placed his car at

brotherhood and really got along fairly

When we were seated in the machine,

every inch of space taken by some member

of the suite, I caught myself thinking what

an amusing little anecdote I might make of

this happening. Just then the Master said

"Remember, you press people are the

servants of the public. You interpret our

words and acts to them. With you is a

great responsibility. Please remember and

Often during the interview I had felt like

gentleman!" I felt more than ever like it

As if any one could hold up that pure

to me in a gentle but firm voice:

white soul to ridicule.

ent, belonging to the mission.

tribute to the men."

worth of them!

tion of taking it away.

It seems incredible.

that had happened.

What you don't expect!

I had the surprise of my life!

Guess you didn't expect it, either.

to America and distributing money.

For what do you suppose those lucky bits

And it was all done so unostentatiously,

he Master stood, his eyes always turned

so gracefully, without any fuss or fume.

so that when a particularly desperate look-

Once a young Turk of the suite slipped

and before the Baha recognized him

make a virtue of necessity.

has settled that. The reaction from the crowded public conveyances, to all the roughs style, but the editors know their tea.

"back to nature" enthusiasm is bound to noise and bustle, but not to hurry. Oh, no, business. Their publications furnish in-

whose head is tied to a city office stool, suburban tradesman's frenzied ideas of premature frost, or a protracted open sea-Abdul Baha Talks of Things

his companions they all laughed at the joke. among themselves. Can you picture your Aunt Kate and line, a dozen or more derelicts before him, eral other trades. Abdul Baha going to it, hand in hand, giving to each a bit of silver and a word of

blessing. And as I went out into the starlight Perhaps the guests didn't gurgle and admirer who had described him as I did feel rather conspicuous, but I braced The Breeze of God. myself with the thought of the universal

Touring Libraries

Continued from fourth page.

ibraries to teach them the use of reference

"One of my most interesting school experiences," she continued, "Is with the Manhattan Trade School. That is run by the city now, and hundreds of small girls who have to leave school early and go to work are there taught useful trades. Once saying: "You dear old man! You fine old a month I go there for a story hour. As a result of our attempt to show these girls what a world of enjoyment there is for them in books 150 of them have joined our

branch library across the street. There was another gasp of surprise at the "In some sections of the city where the Bowery Mission as, still hand in hand-he story hours are occasionally arranged and pleasure in its summer verdure. I want just wouldn't let me go-the Baha and I stories are told in Hungarian, Russian, Italtrotted through a lane composed of several score of the society's members. A few of ian, French, German, Norwegian and the young ladies had their arms filled with

Swedish. flowers, which afterward filled the auto-"The total number of regular story hours mobile. Some four hundred men were presreported from thirty-six libraries last year is 1.366, and the total attendance, 33,873. Of Just before the services were concluded I course, full statistics of stories told in roof saw the courier stealthily approach the reading rooms and public schols and inplatform and hand the Baha a green baize formally in the library are not obtainable and the figures given relate only to the Of course, I wasn't going to let that go space seating from twenty to twenty-five poem into type and printing it before readon without finding out all about it, and to my whispered inquiry the Baha said, smilchildren. We find that we get better results from these smaller groups that tend "Some little lucky bits I am going to disto preserve a more intimate personal relation between the children and the story

A DIFFERENCE.

George Ade, at a dinner in New York, Silver quarters, two hundred dollars' urged a subtler use of words. "Use words with delicate care," he Observe all their subtle distinctions. Never write 'vision,' for instance, "when Think of it! Some one actually coming 'sight' is what you mean."

"There's no difference between 'sight' and here with the avowed or unavowed intenvision," interrupted an editor.
"No?" said Mr. Ade. "And yet, 'Billy,' when you and I passed each other on Possibly I may be a little tired of mere

Broadway yesterday afternoon, the girl I words, dealing in them the way I do, but was with was a vision, while the one with that demonstration of Abdul Baha's creed you was a sight." did more to convince me of the absolute sincerity of the man than anything else

HIS CHOICE FOR CHARITY. Frank Morrison, secretary of the Amercan Federation of Labor, was condemning

away from the man facing him, far down strike, certain senseless economies, the line, four or five beyond his vis-A-vis. some of the latter-day scientific manageing specimen came along he was all ready for him, and, instead of one quarter, two ment ecenomy you hear about reminds you of the skinflint millionaire whose only ere quietly pressed into the calloused

charity was foreign missions. 'You see,' the man explained, 'I choos foreign missions because I want to make a coin. He explained that he wanted my money go as far as possible.

in Washington, apropos of the English coal esses and the same results (approximately) "Economy is all very well," he said, but holes in needles by way of relaxation from

season after season. It is like punching the day's work. And so she approaches her main argument, which is the narrowing influence of this semi-rural life. "We are stranded, Jack," she says, "and

cal pursuit, technical training of a primitive, soul deadening kind. The same proc-

Having Tried the Simple and we have found it wanting. Decidedly profit, and her complaint that at least half laborious living with no food for profitable, worse with the women; they cannot estable the so. The cost of the simplicity is appailing of her shopping has to be done in town thought at all. We have tacitly given up cape each other at any hour of the day. Self-development, of an interest in self-development, of an interest in small thought at all. We have tacitly given up thought at all. We have tacitly given up thought at all. There is never a stimulus from without things, and of self-development, of an interest in small thought at all. There is never a stimulus from without things, and of self-development, of an interest in small thought at all. There is never a stimulus from without things, and of self-development, of an interest in small thought at all. There is never a stimulus from without things, and of self-development, of an interest in small thought at all. There is never a stimulus from without things, and of self-development, of an interest in small thought at all. There is never a stimulus from without things, and of self-development, of an interest in small thought at all. There is never a stimulus from without things, and of self-development, of an interest in small thought at all.

regarding means and ways for the furtherance of blossoming and blooming, and the

the truth. Well, we have tried the simple material things, the way in which her frustration of the designs of such danger-life so far as it is possible to a family household money vanishes, thanks to the ous epemies as too much rain or too little. son of insects and blights, with cures for damp cellars and drafty outbuildings. and what not. On the desperate subject of the servant problem in the suburbs they are discreetly silent, nor do ley sidewalks, Spiritual and Mundane snowdrifts, frozen water pipes and unreliable train service receive at their hands

tit for luck, and the Baha most benignantly quite the importance they in reality hold patted his shoulder. When he got back to in the suburbanite's life. undertake from month to month to do half I imagine them a merry little family the things that are necessary according to these publications, he would have to add to I had said good night on the platform, his daily work that of an under-gardener, so my last view of Abdul Baha was as he a carpenter, plumber, painter, glazier, a stood at the head of the Bowery Mission compounder of sprays and lotions, and sev-

is there in all this a trace of that great tranquillity of mind, of that opportunity to loaf and invite one's soul of which the night I murmured the phrase of an Oriental Nature writers sing in lyric prose? Does it stimulate the intellect, widen one's outlook, deepen one's insight? Quite the con-As Polly points out, country life

is a hundred times more circumstantial, complicated and vexing than the supposedly strenuous existence of the city, and the complexity is purely mechanical, material, to the exclusion of intellectual activity.

"Plant your daffodils early in the fall," "Cover your rose bushes with straw in time for the first hard frost," "This month manure your lawn," "Prepare your hotbed new," "How to get rid of ants, snails, earthworms, caterpillars"-this is the kind of thing in which the country dweller is invited to take an interest if he would be worthy worshipper of Nature. Now, all this does not interest Polly in the least, it

disenchants her. And I agree with her. THE DRUDGERY OF GARDENING.

"An intimate knowledge of the fall treatment of the lawn," she says, spoils my to all this fertilizing and planning and plotting, this repulsive hunting of things that creep on fruits and shrubs and flowers. I want to feel that Nature can make herself beautiful in my garden without the constant supervision of a horticultural guardian. It is just like smelling the coal tar before the perfume that is extracted from it, or like having to put a glorious

ling, amateurish fashion at that." The obvious answer to this is, I suppose, that Polly and I have no real love of Nature. Perhaps that is true, yet I submit that familiarity with Nature's weaknesses and the prosaic ways of counteracting them is not conducive to a growth of affection and admiration of her poetic beauty. No man is a hero to his valet de chambre. Have you never caught the look of mingled scorn and perplexity on the face of the farmer when the city visitor goes into raptures? The creation of a new variety of flower or fruit-yes, perhaps; but to act as Burbank's third assistant gardener, picking slugs off shrubs, or keeping drafts out of outhouses-no, thanks! I know a hundred other vocations more soul filling and eye flattering in the doing and in the re-

ing it, and, of course, doing it in a bung-

There you have Polly's views. Suburban life, she says, is manual labor, a mechani-

It is not low living and high thinking, it is more of each other at night? It is even training in primitiveness, the cultivation "Do you consider the Wright biplane in- million."

and cents. There may be gains for all our rious argument, in which, with wifely de- so am I. We have not visited a picture We are like slaves chained together for terests of life. It will make an amateur losses, but in the suburban life there are losses for all our gains. Ferhaps I should Life in the country, says Polly, does not side a bookshop in ages, just to rub up too well each other's peculiarities. Ilmitaexplain, in justice toward other suburban-ites, and by way of defence, that we are a childless couple, and therefore need not terial things. She proves this by pointing

am cross in the train, and you are grump at breakfast, and we have to go to bed early two nights in succession to make up for lost sleep. The physical effort kills the then observed calmly, "And you are getintellectual pleasure. And so we have ting the time-table face, and the collar of

That's the way of all suburbanites, slipped it on in a tearing hurry They go to concerts and opera at night during the first winter of their exile, just to they go to matiness, and the third they or at least the display and pretence simply give up. And when you stop going wealth. Funnier still are the lines of you stop taking an interest. You lose the aristocracy drawn according to the time

writing does me nowadays. broadening of my mind, in soiling a pair of might if he unaccountably found himself and eminence. white gloves with a Philharmonic pro- pleading a pickpocket's case in a police gramme than there is in all the sweet smelling earth that gets under my fingernails while I am helping you to make not yet-but we have to play the game in the Rue Vaugirard to a duchess's in the straight rows with two sticks and a piece of string for the spring radishes. Jack, honestly, I prefer a second-rate coloratura we can do very little. And all the time we soprano to the grandest song of the sky- know who is being dunned by the butcher, lark, but that is perhaps because we never hear one, anyhow. My musical education but pretence and tittle-tattle. There's Mrs. stopped with 'Gioconda' and the 'Domestic' grown old-fashtoned since we moved out

here. There are new things," she went on. Thais' and 'Louise,' 'Salome' and 'Elekra,' and a man called Debussy, and-and 'Mona,' but what's the use? I am leading the simple life, in Nature's suburban bosom. and nature rewards me with an unholy appetite and ten hours' sleep a day. She is shrinking my mind to a state of Bœotian simplicity, and I don't even care any more that I am getting too plump for my age.

NATURE'S ELUSIVE MUSIC.

"The music of nature!" exploded Polly, sleepy to listen to it, and silent at night. when one is wide awake and ready to hear. Jack! Anyhow, we have no song birds here, only chirpers and roosters, and none at all in winter, which is the real music season, say what you will. Last January there was a

Here my wife stopped for breath, at the from my desk and throwing it into the waste paper basket. Its brilliant floral covering suggested still another grievance. "And when you want decent flowers for the table," she muttered, "you have to

send to town for them." After nodding through the window to the ("bovine," said Polly viciously), she resumed her discourse, whose purpose I now

clearly saw.

"Then there is our social life," she began. "Is it simple? No, it is osentatious. We make more display than in the city; we try so hard to be a local aristocracy. Is it intellectual? No; it is provincial. The trouble is that we fall between two stools. We are all from the city-we come here to lead a different life, yet the first thing we do is to organize it as closely as possible along the lines we have left behind us. But there is this important difference: That in a suburb we cannot get away from each other. We are forced to be together morning, noon and evening, under circumstances that never vary. We know each other too well, and consequently there is nothing unexpected and potentially interesting left in any of us. Intimacy is made flat and unprofitable by unavoidable familiarity. That is why our conversation is so languid and

commonplace when we meet formally. "Take the men. First of all, they will not go out in the evening if they can help would reach its end. it, and when they do go they are tired, listless. They have met each other on the the stream of life flows by us, leaving us way to the station, on the platform, and in high and dry, and hungering and thirsting the train, going and coming. Why see disadvantages of both, requires a vigorous tack,

to the contents of the many periodicals de- Sherman in the Plaza-the greatest eques- ent), the doctor, servants and children. I from Nature, and he probably knew what he T is settled. We are going back to the Oh, yes, we have decided. We are going voted to country life to which we subcity to live in the autumn. We will be to move back to the city next fall, to an scribe. Of course, few of them lack the suburbanites no more. The last winter apartment with all its inconveniences, to obligatory article in the poetic John Burshilles. place in five years than one hears in a life- mind is beginning to lose its elasticity.

THE TIME-TABLE FACE.

She looked at me with critical fondness, your coat always looks as if you had

"And then the snobbery," she resumed,

returning from the personal to the general. prove that one can keep in touch with "The near-English accents, the attempts things if he wants to: the second year to be real 'county.' The standard is money, Mr. Krehbiel might better be killing table. The people who take the 2:15 look rlugs or clipping hedges for all the good his down on the poor worms that must take Fine Arts and said; the 7:45, and when they have to go to town There is more profit to my soul, more earlier for once, they behave as Mr. Choate court. It is amusing, but it is despicable. He was diffident and abashed in those days, too. Oh, yes, I know we are not snobsmore or less, just the same. If the others Avenue des Champs Elysées or a printurn down a poor, inoffensive newcomer, cess's in the Rue de l'Université his heart the baker, the candicatick maker-nothing at Paillard's, Dawb, the guest of honor, said a Washington official, "gets on well in X on the hill, with her cousins the Van It seems that 'Faust' has Rensselaerbilts'. Everybody has heard about the relationship-her friends, her acquaintances and her enemies-especially her enemies. Only the Van Rensselaerbilts don't seem to have heard of it. They cer- something! tainly never call on her. More tattle! and I shall end by taking an interest in it if his brain and stammered, with a bashful

we don't go away! "The Women's Fortnightly Club? Oh, ves; let us talk of that chariot of culture. men, that this year's pawn tickets are all Why, in the name of godness, will women write papers-and read them, too-on subjects they know nothing about? They get it all out of encyclopædias, or Ruskin, or Symons, or last month's magazines, and reverting to her major grievance. "It is they get it all wrong. This is the month nost beautiful at sunrise when one is too of Browning's centenary, and the club than hunting-that only one in a hundred children. I believe?" meets here this time. Heaven help me, murderers were punished with death,

"The trouble is," she went on, after a pause, "that in the country, even in a sub- the other day in New York, "seems to me paper, and most persons are very poor a Balkan ball. hoot-owl, and we both wanted to murder journalists. A village drain is a question of vital interest to us; the city dweller glances at the headline in his paper, and that another guest, a judge, had stolen his same time taking a seedsman's catalogue knows that the press will prod the au- watch. thorities for him. The daily crush of transportation is an incident of city life, forgotten the moment one gets out of it; there are a thousand more important things to think and talk about; but with us a change or so later, the minister returned his watch of time table is an event, and the taking off of a train an iniquity to be discussed wife of our local magnate, plump and placid and denounced for weeks. The local weekly carries the railroad's advertising, so it is muzzled. Then, since we all crave excitement in our hybrid monotony, we have know I've got it back?" our own yellow journalism-we talk scan-

TRUMPED-UP SCANDAL.

"There is our 'fast set'-three married women, four uninteresting men and a giri of twenty-eight. They are really not fast at all; we merely invent the fastness for them. They will disappoint us, nothing will happen, so after a while we shall start gossiping about some others, until each and inary, that he hit off vividly with an anec- gineer's dog." every one of us has a purely imaginary past. From sheer lack of genuine social interests we attempt to graft the 'House of Mirth' upon 'Back to Nature,' and the a traveller stopped and said: result is a Jane Austen chronicle with Guy de Maupassant trimmings, but without the art of either. I believe," Polly added inconsequentially, "that half the charm of the country in summer is due to the fact that it is then inhabited by city people." She had reached ber peroration-I felt it-

and knew that with it our suburban life lie in the Turko-Italian War?" "Country life as it is possible for us.

she began, "suburban life, that is, which is from a big black plug. neither city nor country, but combines the

when it begins to crave rest and quiet with flushed cheeks, "if I can do that, the come, and Polly and I are ready to be to a busy man city life means real, profitamong the pioneers.

Polly, you will understand, of course, is provided to a busy man city me means real, promote that they are an storage, and the lawns, may stead the lawns, and is stored with enough riches to running the pioneers.

As for the men, they talk of business, and is stored with enough riches to running the lawns, and is stored with enough riches to running the lawns, and is stored with enough riches to running the lawns, and is stored with enough riches to running the lawns, and is stored with enough riches to running the lawns, and is stored with enough riches to running the lawns, and is stored with enough riches to running the lawns, and is stored with enough riches to running the lawns, and is stored with enough riches to running the lawns, and is stored with enough riches to running the lawns, and is stored with enough riches to running the lawns, and is stored with enough riches to running the lawns, and is stored with enough riches to running the lawns, and is stored with enough riches to running the lawns, and is stored with enough riches to running the lawns, and is stored with enough riches to running the lawns, and is stored with enough riches to running the lawns, and is stored with enough riches to running the lawns, and is stored with enough riches to running the lawns, and it is themselves. Therefore the bulk of the music! Oh, dear, one does not mind the lawns, and the lawns, and the lawns, and the lawns, and the lawns and the lawns

appears to be a literary convention to call hour first flags and grounds. But, as a good American hour and grounds. But, as a good American hour entering and grounds. But, as a good American hour entering and grounds. But, as a good American hour entering and grounds. But, as a good American hour entering and grounds. But, as a good American hour entering and grounds and grounds and grounds. But, as a good American hour entering and grounds and grounds and grounds and grounds. But, as a good American hour entering and grounds and grounds and grounds and grounds and grounds. But, as a good American hour entering and grounds a Strauss or a Charpentier, where I can unreasonable, but you have won your case. see a Sargent by the side of a Velasquez. Back to the city," say L "The winters of

Stories in a Lighter Vein

Robert Henri, the artist, paused before a landscape at the Philadelphia Academy of

from humble circumstances to great wealth

"Dawb made his first success in Paris. When he would saily out from his garret

"They say that once, at a dinner party

beautiful and elegant hostess smiled and

" 'Have you noticed, ladies and gentle-

green?

Andrew D. White stated recently that

of murder is concerned," said Mr. White

a guest complained to the host, a minister.

asked, frowning.

"The guest pointed out a distinguished looking jurist with gray hair, and, an hour to him. Thrusting it back into his pocket with a contented sigh, the guest asked "'And what did the judge have to say

VIVIDLY HIT OFF.

said a Des Moines Populist, "had a just faith in the American farmer. He believed that from the farmer the Republic's regeneration would come

caricaturist's farmer, a type purely imag-

tian Science "'Hain't heard nothin' on it,' the farmer raiser. answered.

"With which side do your sympathies "'Didn't know thar wuz no war.'

Atrophy of the Soul! little things of daily life, but of the men

But Oh! for the Theatres

and Other Cures for

Told by Well Known Persons

HIS CONTRIBUTION.

"Dawb, who painted this, has sprung

didn't open his mouth from the marennes Madrid because he has a great affection for

"Finally, when the dessert came on, th

"Dawb blushed at this challenge, racked

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

murder in America was a safer pursuit "Our morality, so far as the treatment

urb, one has to be his own local news- as loose as the morality of the guests at "It is said that at a ball in the Balkans

"'Which judge was it?' the minister

for himself?" "'Say!' said the minister. 'He doesn't

"The late General James B. Weaver," "He once condemned, in a lecture, the

"A farmer of this type," he said, "was seated on a barrel whittling a stick, when

"Well, sir, what do you think of Chris-

"Never heard of Christian Science? Well, chuckled. "Morse went to a millionaire well!" said the traveller, and he resumed:

"The traveller then tried him on another

where I can see the wheels go round, and your discontent are past, but we will move listen to conversation that is not of the at the end of glorious summer.

> ferior to the foreign monoplane for swift, safe flying? "'S' fur I know,' said the farmer, 'the world hain't seen no flyin' yit.'

quite staggered, 'don't you ever read the newspapers? 'I useter,' said the farmer, without lifting his eyes from his whittling. 'I useter,

'Why, man,' exclaimed the traveller,

but ten or 'leven years ago I stopped it. They got too frivolous fur me. Since then I bin readin' a book."

A GOOD RETORT.

"Henry Clay Ide, our Minister to Spain." the Spanish people. "Mr. Ide, while no champion of the bull-

fight, hates to hear the Spaniards abused for cruelty on this head. "He tells an anecdote of a Spaniard trav-

elling from San Sebastian to Biarritz in a first class compartment with an American. "You Spaniards are a great nation," the American said, 'but I can't understand how a nation that produced Velasquez and Valdes can stomach the savage cruelty of the bullfight.'

"The Spaniard rolled his black eyes at this, exhaled a great cloud of cigarette smoke and said: " 'You have in America a number of so-

cieties for the prevention of cruelty to

" 'And they do good work?" "'Oh, splendid work." 'Now the Spaniard showed his white

teeth in a smile. 'Well, señor, such societies would be useless in my country,' he said. 'The man who would lift his hand against a little

child has not been born in Spain.' THE FORERUNNER. Mme. Maeterlinck, on the French Lin-

pier in New York, praised the Harlem flat ardently. "Our foreign flats, beside your Harlen

ones," she said, "seem as slow as-as slow as-well, as a Provençal railway. "In white, sun-drenched, glittering Pro vence there is a railway remarkable for

"I was waiting at a Provençal station one day, and my train was three hours behind time. Out of patience at last, said to the station master: 'Isn't this train coming soon?

"Just then a dog came trotting up the line, and the station master smiled. 'Oh, yes, madam,' he said, 'it is bound to arrive soon now. Here comes the en-

IRRESISTIBLE. A New York broker was praising, apropor

of his probable return to Wall Street Charles W. Morse's ability as a money "They tell a story about Morse," ht

one day and said: Lend me three million. I must have three million for that new deal of mine." 'Sorry, Morse,' said the millionaire, 'but tered the farmer, and he bit off a chew I've only got two million in ready money

to-day. "Is that all? said Morse. Well, hant it over then-you can owe me the ether